

POLIGAMUS. I need not tell you, how much I indulg'd my Appetite, when I was at *London*.
Eu. We remember it very well: but hop'd, that upon quitting the place, you had left your *bad Blood*, and your loose Manners behind ye. **Po.** I had variety of Mistresses there; and one of them that was *Bagg'd*, I took home with me. **Eu.** What to your Father's House? **Po.** Directly thither: But she pass'd for the Wife of a certain Friend of mine, that in a short time was to follow her. **Gl.** And did your Father swallow this? **Po.** Yes at first, but in a matter of four days he smelt out the Cheat: and then there was heavy work made on't. In this *interim* however I spent my Time, and my Money in *Taverns, Treating-Houses, Gaming-Ordinaries*, and other extravagant Diversions of the like kind. In short; my Father's Rage was so implacable, *He'd have no such cackling Gossips be said under his Roof: He'd not own such a rebellious Wretch any longer for his Son*, &c. that in conclusion, I was constrain'd to march off with my Pullet, and so nestle in another place: Where she brought me a brood by the way. **Pa.** But where had you Money all this while? **Po.** Why my Mother help'd me now and then by stealth: besides considerable Sums that I borrow'd. **Eu.** And were there any such Fools as would give you Credit? **Po.** Why, there are those that will trust a Spend-thrift sooner than an honest Man. **Pa.** Well! and what next? **Po.** When my Friends saw my Father at last, upon the very point of disinheriting me, they brought him to this Composition, that I should renounce the *French Woman*, and marry one of our own Country. **Eu.** Was she not your Wife? **Po.** There had past some words in the *Ma-*

Tense (as *I will marry ye*, for the purpose) then, to say the Truth, there follow'd *Carnal Copulation*, in the *Present Tense*, or so. *Eu.* And how could you dissolve that Contract then? *Po.* Why, it came out afterwards, that my *French Woman* had a *French Husband*, only she was gone away from him. *Eu.* So that you have a *Wife*, it seems. *Po.* Yes, yes, I am now marry'd to my *eighth Wife*. *Eu.* The *eighth*, do ye say? Why then he that gave you the Name of *Polygamus*, was a Prophet. But they were all barren perhaps. *Po.* No, no, I have a *Litter* at home, by every one of them. *Eu.* So many *Hens with Eggs*, in the stead of them, would be a happy Change. But you have enough of *Wiving* sure by this time. *Po.* So much, that if my *eighth Wife* should die to day, I'd take a *ninth* to morrow. Nay, 'tis hard, in my Opinion, that a *Man* may not be allow'd as many *Wives*, as a *Cock* has *Hens*. *Eu.* 'Tis no wonder, at your rate of *Whoring* and *Drinking*, to see you brought to a *Skeleton*, and an old Man before your time. But who maintains your Family all this while? *Po.* Why, betwixt a small Estate that my Father left me, and my own hard Labour, I make a shift to keep Life and Soul together. *Eu.* You have given over your Study then. *Po.* I have e'en brought a *Noble to Nine-pence*; and all I have to trust to, is to *make the best of a bad Game*. *Eu.* I wonder how thou hast been able to bear so many Mournings, and the loss of so many *Wives*. *Po.* I never lived a *Widower* above ten days, and the next *Wife* still blotted out the Memory of the last. I have given you here a very honest, and a true Abstract of my *Life*. I wish *Pampirus* here would but tell his

Story as frankly as I have done mine. He is of his Age well enough, I perceive, and yet I think him to be two or three years my *Senior*. *Pa.* I shall make no difficulty of that, if you can have Patience for so wild and phantastical a *Romance*. *Eu.* Never talk of *Patience* to hear what we have a *Mind* to hear.

PAMPIRUS. I was no sooner return'd from *Paris*, but the good old Man my Father press'd me earnestly to enter into some Course of Life, that might probably advance my Fortune; and upon a full Consideration of the matter, it was concluded, I should betake my self to the business of a *Merchant*. *Pa.* I cannot but wonder, why that choice rather than any other. *Pa.* Why, I was naturally curious to know new things; to see several Countries, and famous Cities; to learn Languages, and to inform my self in the Customs and Manners of Men. Now, thought I, this is no way better to be compassed, than by Negotiation and Commerce: beside a general understanding of things, that goes along with it. *Pa.* Well! but *Gold it self may be bought too dear*. *Pa.* It may be so; but to be short, my Father put a good Sum of Money into my Hand to begin the World withal: Wish'd me good Luck with it, and gave me his Blessing. At the same time, he laid out for a rich Wife for me, and pitch'd upon so vertuous and so amiable a Creature; that she would have been a Fortune in her very Smock to any honest Man, *Eu.* Well! but was it a Match at last? *Pa.* No, for before ever I could get back again, *Use and Principal* was all lost. *Eu.* Wreck'd, I suppose. *Pa.* Yes, yes, wreck'd. We struck upon the *what d'ye call the Rock*? *Eu.* The *Malea* perchance? for that's a desperate

desperate Passage. *Pa.* No, no; this is forty times worse. But it is somewhat like it however. *Eu.* Do you remember the Name of the Sea? *Pa.* No, but it is a place infamous for a thousand Miscarriages. Pray, by your leave: Is there a dangerous Rock they call *ALEA*? I don't know your *Greek* name for't. *Eu.* Mad Fool that thou wert! *Pa.* So, and what was my Father I prethee; to trust a young Fop with such a gob of Money? But it was in fine, the Rock *ALEA Anglice, The Devil's Bones*, that I was split upon. *Gl.* And what did you do next? *Pa.* Why, I began providently to consider of a convenient Beam and Halter to hang my self. *Gl.* Was your Father so implacable then? For such a loss might be made up again: and the first Fault must be very foul, not to be pardonable. *Pa.* Why you have Reason, perhaps: But in the mean while, the poor Man lost his pretty Mistress; for so soon as ever her Relations came to understand what they were to trust to, they resolv'd to have nothing more to do with me. Now I was in Love, you must know, over Head and Ears. *Gl.* In troth, I pity thee with all my heart. But what did you purpose to your self after this? *Pa.* Only to do as other People do in desperate Cases. My Father had cast me off; my Fortune was irrecoverably lost, and consequently my Wife: and the best Treatment I could get in the World, was to be pointed at, for a *Debauchee, squandering Sot*. Without more words, it was e'en come to Cross or Pile, whether I should take up in a Cloyster, or hang my self. *Eu.* You were cruelly put to it. But I presume you had the Wit to pitch upon the easier Death of the two. *Pa.* Or rather the more painful;

painful ; so sick was I, even of Life it self. *Gl.* And yet many People cast themselves into *nastries*, as the most comfortable State of living.

Pa. Well ! the first thing I did, was to put a little Money in my Pocket, and fly my Country.

Gl. Whither went ye ? *Pa.* Into Ireland, and there was I made a *Regular* of that Order, that wears *Linen above*, and *Woollen* to the *Skintoard*.

Gl. Did you spend your Winter there ? *Pa.* No, no, two Months only, and then for *Scotland*.

Gl. How came it you staid no longer ? Did you take Check at any thing ? *Pa.* The Discipline was not severe enough methought, for a Wretch that hanging it self would have been too good for.

Eu. And how went Matters with you in *Scotland* ?

Pa. I e'en changed my *Linen* Habit for a *Learborn* one, among the *Cartbusians*.

Eu. These are the Men that are in strictness of Profession, dead to the World.

Pa. So methought, by their singing.

Gl. Are the dead so merry then ? But how many Months were you there ?

Pa. Betwixt five and six.

Gl. A strange Constancy, to hold so long in a mind !

Eu. You took no offence at any thing amongst the *Cartbusians*, did ye ?

Pa. I could not like so lazy, a froward sort of Life.

And then, what with Fumes and Solitude, I phancy'd several of 'em to be *hot-headed* : and for my part ;

having but little Sense already, I durst not stay, for fear of losing the rest.

Pa. Whither did you take your next flight ?

Pa. Into *France* : among those that give to understand by the Colour of their Habits, that they are *Mourners* in this World. I speak of the *Benedictines* : and of those particularly, that wear a kind of *Netted Hair-cloth* for their upper Garment.

Gl. A terrible Mortification of the Flesh, I must confess.

I was among them, *eleven Months*. *Eu.* And how came you to leave 'em at last? *Pa.* Why, I found they laid more stress upon *Ceremonies*, than *true Piety*. And then I was told that the *Bernardines* were a much more conscientious Order, and under a severer Discipline: Those I mean that are habited in *White*, instead of *Black*. I went and liv'd a matter of *ten Months* among these too. *Eu.* And what disgusted you here now? *Pa.* I dislik'd nothing at all: For I found them very good Company. But I had an old saying in my Head: That *such a thing must either be done, or it must not be done*: So that I was e'en resolv'd, either to be a *Monk in Perfection*, or *no Monk at all*. I was told after this, that the holiest Men upon the Face of the Earth, were those of the Order of *St. Bridget*. And these were the People that I thought to live and die withal. *Eu.* And how many Months were you with them, I beseech ye? *Pa.* Neither *Months* nor *Weeks*; but in Truth *almost two Days*. *Gl.* You were mightily fond sure of this kind of Life to stay so long in't. *Pa.* They take no body in, you must know, but those that are presently *profess*, and I was not so mad yet, as to put my Neck into such a Noose, that it could never be got out again. And then the singing of the *Nuns*, put me out of my Wits almost, with reminding me of my last Mistress. *Gl.* Well! And what after this? *Pa.* My Heart was wholly set upon Religion, but yet upon this Ramble from one thing to another, I could not meet with any thing to my mind. But walking up and down afterwards, I fell into a Troop of *Cross-bearers*. Some carry'd *white Crosses*; others *red*, *green*, *party-colour'd*, some *single*, some *double*, some *quadruple*, and some again, several

Sorts and Forms of Crosses. I had a Reuerence for the *Christianity* of the *Memorial*, but I was confounded, which *Form*, or *Colour*, to make choice of, before another. So that for fear of the worst, I carry'd some of every sort. But upon the whole matter, I found there was a great difference betwixt the *Figure* of a *Cross* upon a *Garment*, and a *Cross* in the *Heart*. When I had hunted my self weary, and never the nearer my Journey's end; it came into my Head that a Pilgrimage to the *Holy Land*, would do my Work. For let a Man go to *Jerusalem* a very Devil, he comes back a *Saint*. *Po.* And thither you went then. *Pa.* Yes, *Po.* Upon whose charge I prethee? *Pa.* That should have been your first Question. But you know the old Proverb, *A Man of Art will live any where.* *Gl.* And, what's your *Art*, I beseech you? *Pa.* *Palmistry.* *Gl.* Where did you serve your time to't? *Pa.* What's that to the business? *Gl.* Under what *Master*? *Pa.* The great Master of *all Sciences*; the *Belly*? In little; I set up for a *Fortune-teller*: And there wou'd I lay about me, upon the *Topick* of things *past*, *present*, and to *come.* *Gl.* Upon good grounds, I hope. *Pa.* The Devil a bit that I knew of the matter: But I set a good Face on't, and ran no *Risque* neither: For I was paid still before-hand. *Po.* That ever so senseless an Imposture should find a Man Bread! *Pa.* And yet so it is, that I maintain'd my self, and a brace of *Lacquies*, very decently upon the Credit of it. Why, how should *Knaves* live, without a World of *Fools* of both *Sexes* to work upon? So soon as I got to *Jerusalem*, I put my self into the Train of a rich Noble-man, of about *Seventy years of Age*, that could never have dy'd in Peace, he said, if he had not bless'd his Eys with the sight of that

Holy

Holy Place. *Eu.* He had no Wife, I hope, to
 've behind him? *Pa.* Yes, and six Children
 into the Bargain. *Eu.* A most impious, religious
 old Man! But you came back, I suppose, a Man
 of another World. *Pa.* No, but to deal plainly
 with you, somewhat worse than I went. *Eu.*
 So that your Zeal for Religion was cool'd, I
 perceive. *Pa.* Nay, on the contrary, hotter
 than ever it was; and therefore I return'd into
Italy, and apply'd my self to a *Military Life*.
Eu. You fought for Religion in the *Camp*, it
 seems; the most unlikely Place under the Hea-
 vens to find it in. *Pa.* Ay; but it was a *Holy*
War. *Eu.* Against the *Turks*, perchance. *Pa.* Nay,
 a *Holier War* than that, or the Doctors were
beside the Cushion. *Eu.* How so? *Pa.* It was the
 War betwixt *Julius the Second* and the *French*.
 And then I had a Fancy to a *Soldier's Life*, for
 the Knowledge it gives a Man of the World.
Eu. It brings a Man to the Knowledge of many
 things, that he had better be ignorant of. *Pa.* I
 found it so afterwards; and yet I suffer'd more
 Hardship in the *Field*, than in the *Cloyster*. *Eu.*
 Well, and where were you next now? *Pa.*
 Why, I was thinking with my self, whether
 I should back again to the Business of a *Mer-*
chant, that I had laid aside; or press forward
 in the Pursuit of *Religion*, that fled before me.
 While my Thoughts were in this Balance, it
 came into my Mind, that I might do both un-
 der one. *E.* What! And set up for a *Merchant*
 and a *Monk* both together? *Pa.* Well! and why
 not? What are your *Mendicants* but a kind of
Religious Traders? They fly over Sea and Land;
 they see, they hear every thing that passes:
 They enter into all Privacies; and the Doors of

Kings, Noblemen, and Commoners, are all open to them. *Eu.* Ay, but they do not deal for gain. *Pa.* Yes, and with better Success many times than we do. *Eu.* Which of these *Orders* did you make choice of? *Pa.* I try'd 'em all. *Eu.* And did none of 'em please you? *Pa.* I lik'd them all well enough, if I might but presently have enter'd upon Practice and Commerce. But when I found that I was to be slav'd a long time to my Offices in the Choir, before I could be qualified for the Trust; I began then to cast about, how I might get to be made an *Abbot*: But, said I to my self, *Kissing goes by Favour*, and 'twill be a tedious Work; and so I quitted that Thought too. After some *eight Tears* trifled away, in shifting from one thing to another thus, comes the News of my Father's Death: So home I went, took my Mother's Advice, marry'd a Wife, and so to my first Course of *Traffick* again. *Gl.* Well! And how did you behave your self in your several Shapes? For every *new Habit* made you look like a *new Creature*. *Pa.* Why 'twas all no more to me, than the *same Players* acting *several Parts* in the *same Comedy*. *Eu.* But be so honest now as to tell me, only which is the Condition, in this variety of Adventures, that is most to your liking? *Pa.* So many Men so many Minds. But to be free with you, that of a Merchant is most agreeable to my Inclination. *Eu.* But yet there are great Hazards and Inconveniences that attend it. *Pa.* There are so; and 'tis the same Case in any other State of Life. But since this is my Lot, I'll make the best on't. *Eusebius* his Turn is yet to come; and I hope he will not think much of obliging his Friends, in requital with some

some part of his History. *Eu.* Nay, if you please, the whole Course of it is at your Service. *Gl.* We shall most gladly hear it.

EUSEBIUS. When I left *Paris*, it took me a Years time at home to consider, what Course of Life to settle in; and not without a strict Examination of my self, to what Study or Profession I stood most inclin'd. I was offer'd a good handsome *Prebendary*, as they call it, and I accepted it. *Gl.* That sort of Life has no great Reputation among the People. *Eu.* But, as the World went, it was to me very welcome. It was no small Providence to have so many Advantages fall into a Man's Mouth upon the sudden, as if they had been dropt from Heaven; as Dignity, handsome Houses well furnish'd, a competent Revenue, a worthy and learned Society, and a Church at hand to serve God in when he pleases. *Pa.* I was scandaliz'd at the *Luxury* of the Place, the Infamy of their *Concubines*, and the strange Aversion those People had for Letters. *Eu.* 'Tis nothing to me what others do, but what I do my self; and if I cannot mend the Bad, I chuse the best Company however that I can get. *Po.* And is this the Condition that you have spent your whole time in? *Eu.* All but some four Years, a long while ago, at *Padua*. *Po.* And what did you there? *Eu.* I study'd *Physick* a Year and a half, and *Divinity* the rest. *Po.* Why so? *Eu.* For the Sake both of my Soul and Body, and that in both Cases I might be helpful to my Friends. I preach'd upon Occasion too, according to my Talent. Under these Circumstances I have led a Life easy and quiet enough; so well satisfied with one Benefice, that I did not so much as wish for any thing beyond it,

and if another were offer'd me I should refuse it.
Pa. I wonder what's become of the rest of our o.

Acquaintance and *Fellow-Pensioners*. *Eu.* I could say somewhat of *them* too, but we are just at the *Town's End* here; and if you please we may be together in the same Inn, and talk o'the rest at leisure.

[*Hugb Waggoner*] How now *Blinks*! where did you take up this Rubbish? [*Harry a Waggoner*] And whither are you going with that *Harlottry* there? *Hugb.* You would do well to tumble the old Fornicators into a *Nettle-Bush* to bring 'em to an Itch again. *Harry.* And your Cattle want Cooling. What do ye think of a fair Toss into that Pool there, to lay their Concupiscence. *Hugb.* I'm not us'd to those Gambols. *Harry.* But 'tis not so long, Sirrah, since I saw you throw *half a Dozen Cartbusians* in the Dirt tho'; and you like a *Schellam* stood grinning and making sport at it when you had done, to see them rise *Black Cartbusians* instead of *White Ones*. *Hugb.* And they were well enough serv'd too; for they lay snorting all the way like a dead weight upon the Waggon. *Harry.* Well, and my People have been so good Company, that my Horses went the better for their Carriage; I would never desire a better Fare. *Hugb.* And yet these are a sort of Men that you do not naturally care for. *Harry.* They are the best old Men that ever I met withal. *Hugb.* How do you know that? *Harry.* Because they made me drink lustily upon the way. *Hugb.* An excellent Recommendation to a *Dutch Foreman*.

The Impertinents: Or, The Cross-Purposes.

COL. I.

Two oddill-contriv'd Fellows meet one another in the Street, and to talking they fall; one has his Head full of a Marriage, and the other's Thoughts run upon a Storm: In short, they discourse with great Concern on both sides, and make nothing on't, only they fulfil the English Proverb between them, I talk of Chalk and you of Cheese.

These Six Colloquies done by Mr. Brown.

The Translator of the following Colloquies, tho' he keeps his Author still in sight, yet does not pretend to have made a literal Translation of him; and where Erasmus alludes to old Adagies, (as frequently he does) or where the Jest turns upon a turn in the Latin Tongue, which would be entirely lost in an English Version, he has made bold to substitute something of his own in the room of it, in order to make it more agreeable to the Palate of the English Reader, for whose Diversion it was design'd.

ANNIUS, LUCIUS.

Ann. **W**Hy, I hear you were drunk as Lords all of you at Neighbour what d'ye call him's Wedding Yesterday. *Luc.* The Duce take me if ever I kne w such confounded Weather

at Sea, tho' I have us'd it from my Cradle. *Ann.* So I find you had a world of brave Folks to see the Ceremony. *Luc.* Fore George (you make me swear now) I never ran such a risque of drowning in my Life before. *Ann.* Ay, ay, see what 'tis to be rich; at my Wedding, tho' I sent again and again to all my Neighbours, yet only some half a dozen wou'd come near me, and those but sorry Wretches the Lord knows. *Luc.* Mind me, I say, we were no sooner got off of the *Land's end*, but it blow'd as if it wou'd blow the *Devil's Head* off. *Ann.* God so! that was wonderful pretty, and were there then so many fine Lords and Ladies to throw the Stocking? *Luc.* Comes me immediately a sudden Gust of Wind, and whips off the Sail while you could drink a Can of Flip, and tears it into a thousand Flitters, I warrant ye. *Ann.* You need not describe the Bride to me. Why, Lord, I knew the pretty Baggage when she was no taller than—— *Luc.* Soufe comes another Wave, and runs away with the Rudder. *Ann.* Nay, all the World are of your Opinion, she's an Angel incarnate, that's certain, and the Bridegroom, let me tell you, is a handsome young Fellow of his Inches. *Luc.* Well! and don't you think we were in a blessed taking then? *Ann.* Right I'faith; not one Woman in a thousand, as you observe, brings such a Fortune to her Husband. *Luc.* So we man'd out the Long-boat, and were forc'd to row for't. *Ann.* The Devil she did! Why, that was a Portion for a Princess. *Luc.* To see now what damn'd Luck attended us! We popt but of one Danger into the Chaps of another. *Ann.* Nay, they may e'en thank themselves for't. What the plague made them marry so tender a Creature to such a
beisterous

boisterous young Whoreson? *Luc.* A *French Privateer* made all the Sail she could after us. *Ann.* Good again, let me die else. Young Girls long to be trying Experiments, and a willing Mind you know is all in all. *Luc.* So now we had *two Enemies* at a time to deal with, a raging Sea and then *French Rascals.* *Ann.* Good Heavens, so many rich Presents made her! Had she been a poor Body, I dare pawn my Life for't, her Friends would not have given her the worth of a silver Bodkin. *Luc.* What, wou'd you have had us struck Sail to them? That had been a good Jest I vow. No, I gad they were mistaken in their Men, I'll tell you but so much. *Ann.* Nay, if what you say be true, the Bridegroom had best speak no more on't, but put his Horns in his Pocket. *Luc.* Every Man of us took his *Cogue* or two of *Nants*, and prepared for the Fight. *Ann.* To see how we may be deceiv'd now! That such a demure Sparrow-mouth'd Devil should take up a Stone in her Ear so soon. *Luc.* Had you seen this Engagement, take my word for't you'd have said I laid about me like a *Hero.* *Ann.* So then as far as I can judge of the Matter, the young Fellow has brought his Hogs to a fair Market. *Luc.* Without asking more Questions, we fairly boarded the *Monsieur.* *Ann.* But is it not an odd Business that they should invite you, who are a perfect Stranger to them, and forget me, one of the nearest Relations the Bride has in the World? *Luc.* Right o. wrong we flung our *Frenchmen* into the Sea. *Ann.* Troth, Neighbour, you say right, a Man in Adversity is abandon'd by all the World. *Luc.* After this we honestly divided the Booty between us. *Ann.* Come, you need not provoke me to't, I know how to be angry upon occasion,

the next time I see the Bribe, odzooks I'll rattle both her Ears for't. *Luc.* On the sudden the Sea grew so calm, you'd have taken it for a Bowling Green. *Ann.* For if she has Money, I have a stomachful Spirit, let me tell you, and a Fig for her Kindness. *Luc.* In fine we brought a Brace of Vessels into Harbour instead of one. *Ann.* And let her Husband take it as he pleases, what a plague care I? *Luc.* Oh! you ask where I am a-going? Why, to St. *Nicholas's* Church yonder, to thank the honest Saint for keeping me out of the Suds. *Ann.* No, pray excuse me, dear Sir, I can't go with you to the Tavern now; I expect a Set of jovial Fellows to drink a Bowl of Punch with me at home; but any other time you may command me. Adieu.

The

The Modish Traveller.

COL. II.

The Calamitous Effects of War. The Ambition of Princes the Cause of most Disturbances in the World. Church-men who ought to preach up Peace, promote these Disorders. The latter part of this Colloquy is wholly the Translator's, who took the hint from a late Learned Voyage to Paris, by one of the Royal Society.

GEORGE, MARTIN.

Geo. **W**ELL, and what sort of a Voyage had you of it, old Friend? Mar. Good enough, but that the Roads were so plaguily pester'd with *Highway-men*. Geo. You must expect that after a *War*, 'tis impossible to help it; but dear Companion of mine, how stands Affairs in *France*? Mar. In none of the most settled Condition; there are great Preparations on foot for another *War*; now what *Mischief* the *French* may be able to do their *Neighbours* I don't know; but this I am sure of, that they are plagued at *home* with all the *Calamities* that a Nation can well suffer. Geo. From whence do these *Commotions* and *Wars* arise, I wonder. Mar. From whence do you ask? Why, from

the *Ambition of Monarchs*. Geo. Now, on the other hand, I shou'd have thought it had been the *Duty of Supreme Magistrates*, by their Prudence and Authority to *compose* these calamitous Disorders, wherein so many thousands of innocent People must suffer. So one wou'd have thought, as you say; but under the Rose our *Princes* extinguish these *Flames*, just for a. the World as Oil puts out *Fire*. They flatter themselves that they are *God's*, and that the *World* was made *purely* for their sake. Geo. That's merry enough; Now, I was ever such a dull Blockhead as to believe that *a Prince was made for the People, and not the People for a Prince*. Mar. What vexes me most, is that the *Church-men* lend a *helping* hand to these *Disorders*, and blow the *Trumpet* to *sanctify* the cutting of Throats. Geo. By my consent they should be set in the *Front* of the Army, there to receive the *Reward* of their great *Pains-taking*. Mar. Why, so say I, and so says all the World. But a Pox on't, your *Priests* will never come *within* harms way; they *love* their *Carcasses* too well for *that*; tho' they may advise us *Lay-fools* to venture the *knocking* of our Brains out; yet for their own parts they'll not hazard a *little Finger*, even in a *Quarrel* of their own making. Geo. Well! But you are come home a compleat *Monsieur*, I hope: Your outside seems to promise it; for upon my word, Friend *Martin*, you are a most furious Beau. Mar. Oh, I speak *la Langue Francoise* to you. Miracle. I faith I am so charm'd with it, that I have almost forgot my own. Lord! The *English* is so dull and phlegmatick, in comparison of that; how much more emphatica' is *Vierrerie* than a *Glass-house*, *Promenade* than a *Walk*, *Rouillon*, than

than a *Wheel-barrow*? Well, of all *Fiacres* in the world, your *London Fiacre* is certainly the *most miserable Voiture* upon Earth. Geo. But how came you a God's Name to learn the Language so soon? Mar. Oh of those everlasting *Babillards* the *French Women*, who I must tell you *en passant* are grown much more corpulent and fat than before the War, which upon mature Thoughts I ascribe to their immoderate drinking of *Ratafia*. Geo. What sort of Liquor is that prithee, for I never heard of it before? Mar. 'Tis a Cherry-brandy made of Brandy and Apricock-stones. Geo. Now for *Paris*, dear Rogue, how go Squares there? I know so great a Virtuoso as you are, must make a thousand curious Observations. Mar. Most of the *Citizens Houses* have *Port-coches* to drive in a Coach, and *Remises* to set them up. Geo. Oh admirable! but pray proceed. Mar. Their Buildings are some of *beign Stone* entire, and some of *Brick with Free-stone*, and in many Houses they have ten *Menages*, I warrant ye. Their *Cellar-windows* are grated with strong Bars of Iron, but I was extremely scandalized at the *Vinegrette*. Geo. You talk *Arabick*, I think; but pray explain your self. Mar. 'Tis a wretched business, and a very Jest in so magnificent a City, drawn along by two Boys, and pushed behind by a Maid. But then to make amends, the Coachmen in *Paris* drive with an air of *baft*. Geo. Prettily express'd I faith. Let me die if I could not stay a whole day to hear thee. Mar. Tho' I want a Relish for Painting and Building, I must admire I cou'd never meet with a Statue in *Paris*, but what was cloas'd with a *Toga pura*, and no Representation of a Bullated one. Geo. 'Twas a thousand pities I profess. Mar. I saw several *Tableaux* at a Gentleman's House,

and among the rest one painted in *Dishabille*, with a foppish Night-gown, and an old Quoufure. I likewise saw a Roman Glass, whose very bottom, do ye mind me, was very smooth, and very little umbilicate; but what pleased me most, was a young Kissing in an Air pump, which survived 500 Pumps. Geo. What a Blessing is it to be a Philosopher? But is this all you took notice of? Mar. No, no, I should tire you but to recite one half of what I observed. When a thing is lost, they don't put it in the publick Prints, as we do; but fix a printed Paper on the Wall. Their Streets are lighted even in the Moon-shine Nights. They have Clap-bills too, and set up by Authority. There are a world of Boats upon the River, but when a Tbw comes they are in danger of being split. They sell Books by Auction, but have no Bureaus of Ivory. The Pox is the great Business of the Town. The poor People carry little Tin-kettles in the Streets with Small-coal lighted. Their Roots differ much from ours; they have no round Turnips, but long ones. Lettice is the great and universal Sallet; but it vexed me to the heart that I cou'd not stay long enough to see whether there is more Dust in Paris than in London. In short their Fiacles are easier than ours; their Promenades delicious, their Postchoizes very convenient, their Pavillions are surprizing, the Decorations of their Treillages admirable, their Couches finely laid out, and their Champignons and Morignos beyond compare. Geo. Your Servant, Sir, I swear I could almost hang my self that I was never bred at Gresham. Well, I believe not one Man in a thousand has so nice a Palate. Mar. Fie, you make me blush now, my Observations incline rather to Nature than Dominion. And your Friend

Martin

Martin here, whatever you think of him, finds himself better disposed, and more apt to learn the Physiognomy of a hundred Weeds, than of five or six Princes. So much for this Affair, but pray tell me what remarkable Passages have happen'd here in my Absence. Geo. Nothing of Note, Sir, but only this, *Tua catulla peperit tibi catulum abjuncti, tua Gallina peperit tibi ovum.* In plain English, Friend Martin, your Maid was fairly brought to Bed here in Westminster, while you were fairly brought to Bed of your *fine Voyage* to Paris. Mar. *Voilà que c'est être malheureux.* Oh this confounded Cockatrice! Well, I will just step to the Custom-house to secure my invaluable Cargo of bumble Bees, Tadpoles, Millers-thumbs, Sticklebacks, Land-snails, Day-butterflies, Grasshoppers, Cockle-shells, &c. And then I will trounce the Gipsy for daring to Fornicate in my absence. Geo. Have a care what you do, Friend Martin, Increase and Multiply was the first Commandment. You were once of opinion to my knowledge, that Propagation was intirely necessary that Mankind might be like the Stars in the Firmament, or the Shells and Sand upon the Sea-shore; and why you that are a Virtuoso, should quarrel with your Maid for learning a little natural Philosophy, I can't see. But I find you are in haste, and so farewell.

The Plain Dealer: Or, All is not Gold that Glifters.

COL. III,

That the Generality of Mankind regard only Names and Outsides, but never consider the intrinsick Nature of Things.

RICH, PRETTYMAN.

Ri. **G**OOD morrow, *Prettyman*. Pr. The same to you, Friend *Rich*. You'll laugh at me I know for what I am going to say; but since we are met, I cannot help wishing that both of us were what our *Names* seem to imply, I mean that you were a *wealthy*, and I a *handsom* Fellow. Ri. Why, is it not enough that our *Names* tell the World we are so? Pr. *Enough*? For my part I wou'd not give a Farthing for a name if I want the thing. Ri. The generality of the world let me tell you are of another Opinion. Pr. I don't know what you mean by the world; but I can hardly believe any thing that wears the shape of a *Man* thinks so. Ri. You may imagine perhaps that *Camels* and *Asses* walk the Streets in a human Figure, but I once more tell you, that *Men*, and *Men* of Wit and Parts are of this mind. Pr. By your leave I wou'd sooner believe the former, I mean that *Camels* and *Asses* are *Men* in Masquerade, than that

that any thing that calls himself a *rational* Creature shou'd be such an *abandon'd* *Sot* as to prefer a *name* to the *reality*. *Ri.* In *some* sorts of cases I own to you that People wou'd *rather* have the thing than the name; but the quite *contrary* happens in *others*. *Pr.* I don't apprehend what you drive at. *Ri.* Why, we carry an instance of it about our selves. For Example, your name is *Prettyman*, and not to flatter you, you deserve it; but if you were to part either with one or the other, whether wou'd you rather chuse to have an ugly *Phyz*, or instead of *Prettyman* to be called *Fowler*? *Pr.* Your Servant, Sir, I wou'd rather be called *Scare-devil*, or *Ram head*, or in fine what you please, than to be the Knight of the ill-favoured Countenance. Whether I have a good one or no, is not the question in debate. *Ri.* And likewise for my self here, if I were a Man of *Substance* in the World, I wou'd rather alter my name *Rich* into that of *Poor*, than part with one *farthing* of my money. *Pr.* I must needs own that what you say is true, and 'twill be the same case as I take it with those that enjoy their health, or any other convenience belonging to the body. *Ri.* In all probability 'twill be so. *Pr.* But then how many thousands do we see in the World, who had rather have the *name* of learned and pious Men, than take pains to be *really* so? *Ri.* I know but *too many* of this humour. *Pr.* Well then, and are you not convinced that Mankind has a *greater* regard to the *name* than to the *thing*? *Ri.* Troth I can't deny it. *Pr.* Now if any *profound* Logician wou'd give us an *accurate* definition of a *King*, a *Bishop*, a *Magistrate*, and a *Philosopher*, perhaps we should even here find some, that wou'd rather chuse the

the *name* than the *thing*. *Ri.* 'Twou'd be so I fear me, if he and only he is a *King* who governs according to *Law* and *Equity*, and considers the *publick* advantage more than his *own* : If a *Bishop* is one who makes it his *sole* business to look after his *Flock*, and not raise a *Family* : If a *Magistrate* is one that heartily and sincerely pursues the Interest of the *Common-wealth* : And lastly, if a *Philosopher* is one that despises the Gifts of *Fortune*, and only drives at the tranquillity and instruction of his *Soul*. *Pr.* Now you are convinced, I hope that a Man might assign but too many instances of this nature, if he were so minded. *Ri.* I freely own it. *Pr.* Well, but you won't deny these to be *Men*, will you ? *Ri.* If I should, I might call my own Title to the name in question. *Pr.* But if Man is a thinking reasoning Creature, is it not monstrously *foolish* that in the case of *bodily* advantages (for I cannot call them *goods*) and in the gifts of *fortune* which are but *temporary*, a Man shou'd rather desire to have the *thing* than the *name* ; and that in the *true endowments* of the *mind*, he shou'd on the other hand pay a *greater* regard to the *name* than the *thing* ? *Pr.* In truth, if a Man *rightly* considers it, nothing can be more *ridiculous*. *Ri.* Why 'tis the very same case in things of a different nature. *Pr.* As how I pray ? *Ri.* What has been said of the names of things that are to be *desired*, the same judgment is to be made of the terms of those things we ought to *avoid*. *Pr.* 'Tis so no doubt on't. *Ri.* As for example, a Man ought rather to dread the being a *Tyrant*, than to have the *name* : And if a *bad Bishop*, as the *Gospel* informs us is a *Thief* and a *Robber*, we ought not so much to hate the *name* as the *thing*

it self. *Pr.* I am wholly of your opinion. *Ri.* Now make the same judgment of the rest. *Pr.* Oh I understand you well enough. *Ri.* Is not the name of a *Fool* held in detestation by all the World. *Pr.* Ay, certainly nothing more. *Ri.* And wou'd you scruple to call that Man a *Fool*, whom you should see making Ducks and Drakes with his Money, or preferring bits of *Glass* to the richest *Diamonds*, or more fond of his *Dogs* and *Horses* than of his *Wife* and *Children*? *Pr.* No I faith, I shou'd soon dub him a *Jack Adams*. *Ri.* And do you think those *Fellows* are a jot better that run through thick and thin, that are perpetually harrafs'd and fatigu'd, that lye whole *Nights* up to the chin in *water*, that venture the *pinking* of their *Carcasses*, and the *damning* of their *Souls*, for that most *valuable* consideration a *Groat* a day, which is not honestly paid them neither; or those *right worshipful Wretches* that sit up Night and Day to heap a little *paltry pelf*, but grudge the least Minute to *enrich* and *improve* the faculties of the *Mind*; or lastly those *fine* Gentlemen that never think their Houses and Cloaths *fine* enough, while their *better* part lies *neglected* and *naked*; that take all imaginable care to keep their *Bodies* in *health*, while their *Soul* labours under a thousand dangerous *Distempers*, and they never value it: In short, those that purchase *everlasting* Torments for the enjoyment of a few foolish *transitory* Pleasures, that even *sling* us in the *enjoyment*? *Pr.* A Man's own Reason will make him acknowledge this in spite of his teeth. *Ri.* However, tho' all places are so crowded and cramm'd with *Fools*, yet I believe there's not one among so many Millions that wou'd patiently sit down with the
name,

name, tho' he really deserves it. *Pr.* Faith you are much in the right. *Ri.* To come to another Point. You are sensible how odious and abominable the names of *Liar* and *Thief* are in all Nations of the World. *Pr.* I own it, and reason good they should be so. *Ri.* No question on't; but tho' to *lie* with another Man's *Wife*, and to *violate* his Bed, is really baser, and more disingenuous than *Theft* it self, yet you have shoals of Men in the World, that value themselves upon the name of a *Cuckold-maker*, and think it an honourable Title, who wou'd most infallibly cut your Throat, shou'd you call them *Thief*. *Pr.* 'Tis so with most Men, I own it. *Ri.* Thus you have others who *whore* and get *drunk* in the Face of the Sun, and yet abominate the name of *Spend-zrifts*, or *Sots*. *Pr.* The reason is, because they think the thing *creditable*, tho' they cannot *endure* the name that belongs to the thing. *Ri.* There is scarce any word in the World that more shocks our Ears and Nature, than that of a *Liar*. *Pr.* Poogh! I have known hundreds in my time that have fairly tilted, and ripp'd up one another's Guts upon such a *Provocation*. *Ri.* 'Twere to be wished that they had an equal aversion to the *thing*. But did it never so fall out with you in the course of your business, that a Man *promised* to pay you a certain Sum of Money at a time *appointed*, and yet *broke* his word with you? *Pr.* But too often, tho' he wished himself a thousand times at the *Devil*, if he kept not his *Promise*. *Ri.* But perhaps these were *poor Dogs*, and not able to pay you? *Pr.* No, hang them they were *able* enough, but they thought it more convenient to *keep* their Money to *themselves*. *Ri.* Why prithee now is not this down-right bare-

bare faced impudent *Lying*? *Pr.* As certain as the Sun at mid-day. *Ri.* But suppose a *Tradesman* should greet his *Creditor* in this blunt manner; *My Lord, or Sir John, why do you tell me these Lies*? *Pr.* The Noble *Perr* wou'd indite him for a *Scandalum Magnatum*, and the *Knight* 'tis ten to one wou'd whip him through the *Lungs*. *Ri.* Well? now, and are not your *Lawyers*, your *Sollicitors*, your *Physicians*, &c. guilty of this *Crime*, when they promise to do their business by such a time, and yet disappoint you, tho' your All lies at *stake*? *Pr.* Who questions it? You might add your *Courtiers* too, who promise to befriend a Man, but forget him so soon as he has turned his back. *Ri.* Pshaw, I might take in three parts of the *Globe*, were I minded to number the *Beasts*. But not one of them I suppose would be content to be call'd *Liar*. *Pr.* Tho' they deserv'd the Imputation never so much. I close with you. *Ri.* In like manner no body but startles at the name of *Thief*, when not one in a hundred has an aversion for the thing. *Pr.* Explain your self a little more upon this Point. *Ri.* What difference is there between a Fellow that breaks open your *House*, that rifles your *Chests*, and one that will forswear a *Pledge*? *Pr.* None at all, but that the latter is the greater Villain of the two, because he injures the Man that trusted him. *Ri.* But how few are they that will honestly restore a thing committed to their *Charge*? or if they do, keep one half to themselves, before they'll deliver it. *Pr.* Nay, I cou'd name you several *Lord Mayors*, and *Aldermen*, and the Devil and all of *Quality* that have done the same; but *Tace* you know is Latin for a *Candle*. *Ri.* Yet none of these worthy Gentlemen

wou'd endure to be call'd Mr. *Thief*, tho' many an *honest* of the Profession has swing'd for't at Tyburn. Pr. Why 'saith I'm of your Opinion. Ri. Now, do but consider after what a fine rate your *Guardians* generally manage the Estates of *Minors*, what horrid tricking there is about *Wills* and *Legacies*, and how much of the *Orphan's* Money sticks to the Fingers of those that tell it. Pr. Right, tho' sometimes nothing but the *whole* will content these *Harpies*. Ri. Thus 'tis plain that they *love* the Theft, but *abominate* the name. Pr. 'Tis even so as you say. Ri. As for the *Tellers* of the *Exchequer*, the *Receivers* of *Taxes*, the *Overseers* of the *Mint*, and those honest *Patriots* that sometimes *raise*, and then again *lower* the Price of *Guineas*, to the incredible loss of *particular Men*, not being *acquainted* with the *Mysteries* of their Art, or not *daring* to expose them, I have nothing to say to them. But a Man may be *allow'd* to talk of what he daily *feels* and *sees*. To proceed then: What think you of one that *borrow*s of every body, and runs in their *Debt* with an Intention never to pay them, unless the Law forces him to it; what difference is there between such a Spark and a *Thief*? Pr. The World perhaps will say he has more *Caution*, tho' not a jot more *Honesty* than the other. Ri. Yet tho' the *whole* Kingdom is *over-run* with these *Vermin*, not one of the Tribe will bear the name you wot of. Pr. Heaven only knows their Intentions, for which reason the *Courtesy* of the World calls them *Bankrupts*, and not *Thieves*. Ri. What signifies it a Farthing how the *World* *miscalls* them, 'so long as they are registred for *Thieves* in the Annals of Heaven? Every Man 'tis true best knows his own Intentions; but

when I see a Fellow up to the Ears in *Debt*, yet Whoring or Sotting away his *Money* when he receives it; when after he has broke in one Town, I find him leave his Creditors in the Lurch, and scampering to another, and only looking out for a new set of *Fools* to trust him; when I say I find him playing these *Tricks*, not only once or twice but half a score times, I cannot for my Blood forbear to tell him his own. Does not he sufficiently declare the Intentions of his Heart, with a murrain to him? *Pr.* Ay, enough in all Conscience. And yet these treble-pil'd Rogues shall pretend to varnish over their Actions very finely. *Ri.* As how I pray? *Pr.* They'll tell you, that to owe much, and especially to a world of People, is to live like a *King* or a *Nobleman*; and, generally speaking, these Raskals affect the name of *Quality* to set them off. *Ri.* What can the meaning of that be? *Pr.* You can't imagine what Privileges belong to a Man of *Quality*. He can do that with a good Grace, which wou'd look ill in any one else. *Ri.* Well, but what Right, what *Law* have they to countenance this? *Pr.* What *Law* say you? The same by which your *Gentlemen* that have Estates by the *Sea-shore* pretend a Right to *Wrecks*, tho' the Owner of the Goods is alive: The same by which your *Lords* of *Mannors* claim a Title to whatever is found about a *Robber* or *Highway-man*, to the apparent injury of the true *Proprietors*. *Ri.* A *Convention* of Thieves might make as honest Laws as these. *Pr.* True, and so they wou'd if they had but the Power in their hands; and they'd have excuse enough for what they do, if they cou'd but declare War, before they went a-thieving. *Ri.* But how comes your Man of *Quality* a-God's name

to have more *Right* to do this than your common ordinary *Scoundrel*? *Pr.* They are in *Prescription* of the thing, and that's sufficient. *Ri.* And how came they by their *Titles*? *Pr.* Some have them by *Inheritance*, others purchase them by their *Money*, and some again by their *laudable Qualities*. *Ri.* What may those be? *Pr.* I'll sum them up in short to you. If a Man never did one *virtuous* thing in his Life; if he goes *richly* apparell'd, if he wears a *Ring* upon his Finger, if he *whores* incessantly, and *games* everlastingly; if he can play at *Ombre* and *Piquet*, and *troll* down a Gallon or two of *Wine* before he *reels* to bed; if he *sleeps* all day and *drinks* all night; if he speaks of no *ordinary* things, but *Castles*, and *Garrisons*, *Half-moons*, and *Ravelins*, *Stockado's* and *Demiculverins*; such a Man is as complete *Quality* as any in *Guillim* or *Dugdale*. *Ri.* And are these the *blessed* Ingredients out of which *Quality* is compounded? For my part I'll put it into my *Litany* to be *delivered* from it. *Pr.* You are in the right, and yet I cou'd name a certain *Island* in the World to you, where you may see hundreds and hundreds of such *accomplished* Gentlemen; but enough of them for this time. *Farewel.*

The

The Fatal Marriage : Or, The Unhappy Bride.

COL. IV. *ps 66*

A pretty Young Lady forc'd to marry a diseased Rake-hell of Quality. The Cruelty of Parents to sacrifice their Children to the Vanity of a Title.

PETER, GABRIEL.

Pe. **W**Hence comes our Friend *Gabriel* I wonder, with so grave, so mortified a Phyz? from *Burgess's* Meeting, or a *Reprobation-Lecture* at *Pinner's-hall*? *Ga.* No, you are mistaken, from a *Wedding*. *Pe.* The duce you did! I never saw a Look in my Life that had less of the Air of a *Wedding* in it. Those that have been at so jolly a Ceremony ought to look the chearfuller for it at least a Twelve-month after. Why Man such a sight, that puts so many merry Ideas into a body's head, is enough to make one as old as *Parr* frisk and caper, and grow young again. Then prithee what sort of a *Wedding* is it thou talk'st of? Not that of *Death* and the *Cobler* I hope, or of *Bully Bloody-bones* and *Mother Damnable*. *Ga.* Jestings apart, I come from the *Wedding* of a young *Gentleman* to one of the most charming delicious *Creatures* in the *World*: A Curse on my Memory, she sets

sets me on *Fire*: as oft as I think of her; in the very *Bloom* of her Age, just turn'd of *sixteen*; and for her *Beauty*, *Fortune* and good *Conditions*, not to be parallel'd in the whole Country: In short, she was fit to have made a Spouse for *Jupiter* himself. *Pe.* What, for such an old antiquated *Fumbler* as he! *Ga.* Why, prithee your *great* Folks never grow *Old*. *Pe.* Well then, whence comes this Sadness, this Cloud upon your Fore-head? Now I think on't, I fancy you *envy* the Bridegroom for *robbing* you of so delicious, so charming a *Morsel*. *Ga.* No such matter, I'll assure you. *Pe.* Perhaps you fell to *Loggerheads* over your Wine, as the *Lapithæ* did of old, and that makes you so melancholly. *Gr.* You are wide of the matter, take my word for't. *Pe.* I'll guess the contrary then; perhaps the Spark was a *Niggard* of his Liquor, and to be sober at a Wedding, you know, is a *Sin* ne'er to be forgiven. *Ga.* So far from that, that the Buts bled as heartily, as if it had been a Coronation. *Pe.* Well, now I have *bit* it; you wanted *Musick* to chear your Hearts. *Ga.* Oh! *wider* from the Point than ever; we had Fiddles, and Flutes, and Harps, and Kettle-drums; in fine, all the *Instruments* you can think of from a *Bag-pipe* up to an *Organ*; nay, that most Celestial Consort of a *Pair of Tongs* and a *Key* was not wanting. *Pe.* Well, you had your Belly-full of Dancing then I hope. *Ga.* Not so much *Dancing* as you imagine, but *Limping* enough in all Conscience. *Pe.* What Persons of *Quality* had you to *grace* the Nuptials? *Ga.* Not one, but a certain active *Lady*, whose *Business* and good Qualities you may find upon all the *Pissing-Posts* in Town, and who keeps

keeps her Head-Quarters in *Covent-Garden*. *Pe.* A *Covent-Garden Lady*, say you? Pray what may her Name be? *Ga.* In truth none of the best: The World calls her *MY LADY POX*; but as the Draper said by his Cloth, what she wants in *length*, she makes out in *breadth*; for they say she's related to most of the noble Families in *Christendom*. *Pe.* But why (dear Friend of mine) should the bare Mention of this set thee a weeping? *Ga.* Ah *Peter, Peter*, the *Tragical Story* I am going to tell thee of, is enough to make a *Brickbat* weep and cry, and run like a Church Spout. *Pe.* Yes, so I suppose, if a *Brickbat* had but a Tongue; and a Pair of Eyes and Ears. But prethee keep me upon the Rack no longer; out with thy ill News, let it be what it will: You see I have guessed and guessed, and always fell wide of the Mark. *Ga.* You know Squire *Freeman* of the *Grange*, don't you? *Pe.* Know him! I have drank a thousand Bottles with him in my time; the worthiest, frankest, honestest Gentleman that ever breathed. *Ga.* Well, and don't you know his Daughter *Katy* too? *Pe.* Now you have named her, you have named the *Top Beauty* of the Age. *Ga.* 'Tis as you say; and do you know whom she is marry'd to? *Pe.* Ten to one, but after you have told me, I shall. *Ga.* I'll tell you then: She's marry'd to that Mirror of Knighthood, Sir *Bully Bounce*. *Pe.* What that swaggering, blustering, huffing *Spark*, that Compound of *Cowardice* and *Vanity*, that everlasting *Coxcomb*, who kills whole Armies in a Breath, and murders more than *Drawcanfir* in the Play. *Ga.* The very same individual *Monster* upon my word. *Pe.* Why you know he's

famous all the World over for two extraordinary Gifts: *Imprimis*, for his most incomparable Talent of *Lying*, at which he'll out-do twenty four *Plot-Evidences*, supported with the same Number of *Travelling Priests*; and, 2dly, for a certain noble *French Qualification* he carries about him, I mean, the *French Disease*; which tho' it came from the *Indies* but t'other Day, and is the younger Brother of the *Weekly Bills*, yet in the *short* time it has set up for it self, has done *more* Execution, and run a *greater* Compass of Ground, than *all* the *other* Diseases put together, though they started so many *hundred* Years before it. *Ga.* 'Tis a haughty proud *Distemper* that's certain, and will turn its Back neither to *Gout*, nor *Stone*, nor *Plague*, nor *Fever*, nor yet to its Son-in-Law *Consumption*, whose *Name* it frequently assumes; give it but a clear Stage, and it demands no Favour. *Pe.* So the Sons of *Galen* talk indeed. *Ga.* Why should I spend more time in describing this pretty young Creature, since I find you know her? Tho' I must tell you, Friend, that the *Richness* of her Dress added no little *Lustre* to her natural Beauty. I tell the what, *Peter*, had'st thou seen her in the Room, thou'dst have sworn she was a *Goddess*; her Habit, her Mien, her Shape, and, in short, all her Motions were agreeably bewitching. Soon after, that *blessed* Wight the *Bridegroom* popt upon us God wot, with his *Nose* dismantled, and drawing one *Leg* after another, but with as *ill* a Grace as an old *founder'd* Country Dancing Master. He wore a *Welch* Gantlet upon both Hands, I mean the *Itch*, with which his Fingers were *crusted* over as with a natural *Armour*. His *Eyes* were dull and heavy;

heavy; his *Breath* strong enough to murder at twelvescore; his *Head* bound up in an Infinity of Caps; and his *Nose* (beg you Pardon, Sir,) run as plentifully as a *Horse's* that has got the *Glanders*. In fine, this living *Mummy* was wrapt up in *Flannel* from Top to Toe, for fear of falling asunder; otherwise I dare engage that a *Puff* of *Wind* not strong enough to ruffle a *Custard* would have shaken his *Tabernacle* to Pieces. *Pe.* Mercy on us! and what in the Name of *Lucifer* was the Reason that her Parents married her to this walking *Hospital*? *Ga.* I don't know, but that *three* Parts in *four* of the *Globe* seem now a-days to be *stark mad*, and out of their Wits. *Pe.* Perhaps the Fellow's plaguy *rich*, and Riches, you know, like Charity, cover a Multitude of *Faults*. *Ga.* Rich! 'tis then in Shop-keeper's Books; for he's *deeper* in them, than a dozen *Lords* I could name to you at the other End of the Town. In short, he *owes* more than his Head's worth. * *Pe.* If this young *Damocel* now had poison'd her pious *Grand-father*, and broke the Heart of her venerable *Grand-mother*, what *greater* Punishment could they have inflicted on her? *Ga.* Nay, had she *pist* upon the Tomb of her Ancestors, she had more than aton'd for the *Crime*, had she been only forc'd to give him one single *Kiss*. *Pe.* Faith I'm of your Opinion. *Ga.* In my Mind now they have been infinitely more *cruel* to her, than if they had exposed her *stark naked* to *Bears*, or *Lions*, or *Crocodiles*; those generous *Beasts* would either have *spar'd* a Creature of such incomparable *Beauty*, or else soon made a *Breakfast* of her, and put her out of her *Misery*. *Pe.* Right. This brutal, this barbarous *Usage* seems

only fit for such a Monster as *Mezentius* to have put in Execution; who, as *Virgil* tells us,

*Joyn'd the unhapp' Living to the Dead,
And set them Breast to Breast, and Head to Head.*

Tho' by the way, I very much question whether *Mezentius*, as inhuman as they represent him, would have been such a downright Devil, as to tack so lovely a young *Virgin* to a nasty Carcass; and what Carcass is there that one would not much rather desire to be join'd to, than this confounded Knight with a Pox to him; since the very Air he breathes is rank Poison, since his very Words are pestilential, and to be touch'd by him is worse than Death it self. *Ga.* Now prithee, honest *Peter*, do but think with your self what a mighty Pleasure there must needs be in their Kissing and Panting, and Murmuring and Sighing, and all the other Mysteries of the nuptial Bed. *Pe.* I have heard the Parsons frequently talk of uncanonical Marriages; now this I think is an uncanonical Marriage with a Witness; 'tis as unsuitable, as if one should set the finest Diamond in the World in Lead. You may talk of your Heroes, and your Killers of Giants, but for my part I think this young Lady gives a greater Proof of her Boldness to venture her self between a Pair of Sheets with so hideous a Bed-fellow. Young Maidens of her Age use to be scared out of their Wits at the sight, nay at the bare mention of a Ghost or Hobgoblin, and can she endure to be murder'd all Night in the Embraces of so dreadful a Spectre? *Ga.* The poor Creature has something to excuse her, as the Authority of her Father, the Importunity of her Relations, and the Simplicity of her Age.

but

but her Parents, I'm sure, have not a Word to say for themselves. What Chimney-sweeper, or Broom-man in *Kentstreet*, would marry his Daughter, tho' she were never so homely, to a Fellow that had a *Plague* forerunning upon him? *Pe.* Not one, in my Conscience, that had but a Grain of common Sense. For my part, had I a Daughter both *lame* and *blind*, and ugly enough to be roasted for a Witch in *Scotland*, and, to compleat her Charms, with not one *Fartbing* of a *Portion* to help her off, I would sooner swap her to a *Tobacco-plantation*, than make her say *for better for worse* with such a *choice* Son-in-Law. *Ga.* The *Leprosy* is a very bad Companion, but this cursed *Distemper* is a thousand times more loathsome and destructive even, than that: It *steals* upon a Man without giving him fair *warning*, it *goes off*, and *rallies* again with a vengeance, and frequently sends many a young Fellow to the *Devil* before he knows where he is; whereas the *Leprosy* is so complaisant and civil, as to let a Man *jog on* to a good comfortable *old Age*. *Pe.* Perhaps then the Girl's Father and Mother knew nothing that the Bridegroom lay under this *pinching Dispensation*, as the *Quaker* call'd it. *Ga.* No, no, they knew it as well as his *Nurse* or *Cbirurgion*. *Pe.* If they were resolv'd to *use* her so ill, why a God's Name did they not tie her Neck and Heels in a Sack, and so fling her into the *Tbames*? *Ga.* It had been a much more *merciful* way of dispatching her than *this*. *Pe.* What was it then that *recommended* him to their Choice? Is he famous for any good *Qualities*? *Ga.* Yes, *several* I can tell you; he *Games* incomparably, *Drinks* like a *Camp-chaplain*, and *Whores* like a *Lay-elder*; then for

Ban-

Bantering and *lying*, nothing in the Universe comes near him. He has a *long Score*, I dare engage, in every Tavern from *White-chappel* to *White-hall*; he *gals* a Dye to admiration, and would cheat his own Brother. In short, he is the most *finishe*. *Rake-bell* now living : And whereas the *Universities* pretend but to *seven* liberal Sciences, Sir *Bully Bounce* has at least a *dozen*, of which he is a *compleat* Master, and may serve to be *Regius Professor* of any of them. *Pe.* Well, but after all, this Sir *Bully* what d'ye call him, must have *something* or other certainly to *recommend* him to her Parents. *Ga.* Why, you have already nam'd it, Man ; did you not call him *Sir Bully* ? 'Twas nothing but the *glorious* Title of *Knight* that bewitched them. *Pe.* A precious *Knight* indeed ! You may call him the *Knight* of the burning Pestle. But I suppose he has a *vast* Estate, and that makes amends for all. *Ga.* Some half a score Years ago he had an *indifferent* Estate, but living very *fast*, as they say, has brought his *Noble* to *Nine-pence*; for he has whored and drunk away all his *Acres*, and has nothing left but a little *Mannor-house*, moated round for fear of an *Invasion*, from whence he uses to make a *Descent* now and then into the *Neighbouring* Country, to the great Terror and Desolation of the Farmers Yards thereabouts; but so wretchedly furnished, that a *rigsty* would be thought a *Palace* to it. And yet this egregious *Coxcomb* talks of nothing but of *Bounce Castle* near the *River Bounce* in *Bounce Hundred*, and of his *Mannor-houses* and *Summer-seats*, of *Heriots* and *Deodands*, of *Court-Leets* and the *Affizes*, of *Tenants* and *Vassals*, with a heap of such magnificent well-sounding Words ;

and

and then he never comes into any Company, but he perpetually prates of his *Coat of Arms*. *Pe.* Prithee what *Coat of Arms* does the Brute give? *Six Turpentine Pills* *gal*, I warrant ye, and his Supporters are *two* *Q.* *ck Doctors*, with those terrible Engines, *two* *S.* *inges mounted*. *Ga.* That's merry enough. No, he gives *Three Hogs Or*, in a *Field Gules*. *Pe.* A very proper Emblem, I faith, for such a Beast; but by the *Field* one would take him to be a very bloody Person. *Ga.* Rather if you judge him by the *Wine* he drinks; for he makes no more of a Gallon of *Claret*, than a School-boy would do of sucking an Egg. *Pe.* Then the three *golden Hogs* show, that he squanders all the Money he can lay his Fingers on in *swilling and sotting*. *Ga.* You are much in the right on't. *Pe.* But to dismiss this Point of *Heraldry*, pray what *Jointure* will this mighty *Blusterer* settle upon his Spouse? *Ga.* Ne'er trouble your Head about that, he'll give her a most *magnificent* one, you need not question. *Pe.* How can that be, since you tell me he has spent all, and burnt out his *Candle* to the last *Inch*? *Ga.* Don't interrupt me then: He'll jointure her in a most— pray mind me, Sir—in a most substantial, full-grown thorough-paced—*POX*, so firmly settled, that neither *she* nor the *Heirs* of her Body shall be able to cut off th' *Entail*, tho' they got an *Act of Parliament* for't. *Pe.* Let me die if I wou'd not sooner marry my Daughter to a *Small-coal Man*, or a *Hog-driver*, than to such a rotten piece of Quality. *Ga.* And for my part I would much rather bestow mine upon a *Red-bearded Welch Curate* with *four Marks* a Year, and the *Perquisites* of a *Bear* and a *Fiddle*. How I pity the un-
fortunate

fortunate Creature! There had been some *Comfort* still, had she married a *Man*; but alas! she is thrown away upon the *Leavings*, the *Dross*, the *Refuse*, the what shall I call it—the *Skeleton* of a *Man*! Now, *Peter*, put your Hand to your Heart, and tell me fairly, had you seen this lamentable Sight, could you have forbore weeping? *Pe.* Why do ye ask me such a Question, when you see the very *Recital* of this Story has drawn *Tears* from me? Good Heavens! that *Parents* should be so barbarous and unnatural, so void of common Humanity and Affection, as to sacrifice an only Daughter, and one so beautiful and amiable, so innocent and sweet-condition'd to the loathsome Embraces of a filthy Monster, and all for the sake of a lying Coat of Arms, and to make the poor thing a *Lady*. *Ga.* Your Complaint is not without Reason; for certainly 'tis the greatest Barbarity that can be committed; and yet your People of Condition (as they call themselves) make but a *Fest* of it; though one would think that it highly concern'd those *Gentlemen*, that are born to the highest Posts of the *Government*, and are one Day to make *Senators* and *Ministers* of *State*, to take some Care of their *Health*; for let them say what they will to the contrary, the *Body* has a great Influence upon the Operations of the *Soul*. Now this execrable *Disease* undermines the whole *Fabrick*, and at long run does not leave a *Man* so much *Brain* as would fill a *Nut-shell*. And thus it comes about that we see some noble Persons sitting at the *Helm*, whose *Intellectuals*, as well as their *Carcasses*, are in a woful Pickle. *Pe.* In my Opinion your great Men, whether *Princes*, or those of a subordinate Rank, ought not only to have their

their *Understandings* clear and strong, and a *beautifull* Constitution of Body; but if it were possible should *excel* other Men in the *Beauty* and *Gracefulness* of their Person; as much as they do in *Quality*; for tho' *Justice* and *Wisdom* are the *principal* Ingredients in the Composition of a *Prince*, and chiefly recommend him to the *Love* of his People; yet there's *something* too to be said for his *Shape* and *Outside*. If he proves a *mo-rose* and *rigid* Governour, the *Deformity* of his Body helps to make him still more *odious* to his Subjects; and if he is *merciful* and *affable*, his *Vertues* derive some *Agreeableness* from the *Beauty* of the Place where they inhabit. *Ga.* I make no question on't. *Pe.* Don't we use to lament the *Misfortune* of those poor Women, whose *Husbands* soon after they are marry'd to them, fall into *Consumptions*, or are troubled with *Apoplectic Fits*? *Ga.* Yes, and not without good Reason. *Pe.* Then tell me, what a *Madness* or *Stupidity* is it for a Man to *bestow* his Daughter voluntarily, and of his *own Free-will*, to a Fellow that is ten times *worse* than the most *consumptive* Wretch alive? *Ga.* No doubt on't, 'tis the highest degree of *Madness* that can be. If a *Nobleman* has a Mind to have a *fine Pack* of *Hounds*, do ye think he'd bring a mangy scoundril Car to a well-bred *Bitch*? *Pe.* No; he would sooner send from one end of his County to the other, that he might not be *plagu'd* with a Litter of *Mungrils*. *Ga.* And if my Lord should take a fancy to have a *noble Stud* of *Horses*, can you imagine he'd suffer a heavy, diseased, rascally *Dray-horse* to cover his fine *Barbary Mare*? *Pe.* So far from that, that he'd hang up half a score *Grooms*, rather than he'd endure to have a *diseased Horse* come within

within his Stable; for fear of giving the *Infection* to the rest. *Ga.* And yet this discreet and noble *Peer* does not care a Farthing *who* marries his *Daughter* and begets her *Children*, tho' they are not only to succeed him in his *Estate*, but may arrive at one time or other to have the *chief* management of *State-Affairs*. *Pe.* Even that moving Clod of Earth in a Country *Farm* will not let every pitiful *Bull* that comes next to hand gallant his *Cow*, nor every sorry *Tit* debauch his *Mare*, nor every lean-gutted *Boar* make love to his *Sow*; tho' the highest Preferment an *Ox* can arrive to in this World is to *drudge* at a Plough, and a *Horse's* fortune is to *draw* a Coach or Cart, and a *Hog's* destiny concludes in furnishing Belly-timber for the *Kitchen*, *Chines* and *Spare-ribs* against *Christmas*, and *Gammons* to keep *Easter* in Countenance. *Ga.* To see now how *perversly* Mankind judges of things! If a poor ordinary *Fellow* should in his *Liquor* happen to force a *Kiss* from a Nobleman's *Daughter*, they'd persecute him so *furiously*, that the poor *Offender* must be forced, in his own defence, to *fly* his Country. *Pe.* No question but that wou'd be the end on't. *Ga.* And yet these wise and honourable Persons *freely*, and of their own *accord*, without the least *Necessity* or *Compulsion*, make no scruple to condemn a Daughter for term of *life* to the Bed of a lewd profligate *Rakehell*, so he be but a *Rakehell* of *Quality*; in which respect they don't only trespass against the *real* interest of their own *Family*, but likewise against that of the *Publick*. *Pe.* If a *Fellow* that halts a little, or (to put the Case as bad as can be) *stalks* it along upon a wooden Leg, like the *Crane* of limping Memory in the *Park*; shou'd have the *Impudence* to court a young Girl,

Girl, how would the *Women* mock and jeer at him, tho' he is an *able* and *sound* Man in the *Critical* Part? At the same time, tho' a Man has been *fluc'd* never so often, it is no impediment to his Marriage. *Ga.* If a *Coachman* or *Groom* chance to run away with a *Gentleman's* Daughter, there is presently such a *Rout* and *Hubbub* all the Country over, as if the *French* were landing; Lord! cries one, what pity 'tis that so *young* a Creature should be *ruin'd*; and Lord! cries another, what *Death* is had enough for the *Rascal*, that seduced her? altho' this *Rascal*, bating the meanness of his outside, is as *vigorous* as the best Lord of them all, with the help of his *Jellies*; and his *Wife* is like to find him a *comfortable* Performer; whereas this poor young *Lady*, we have been talking of, must do *Penance* all her *Life* with a *walking Carcass*. Thus too, if an *Heiress* happens to bestow her self upon a *Parson*, how many *Jests* and *Proverbs* does the Neighbourhood pelt her with? When *Death* puts an end to the *Parson's* Life, what becomes of the *Parson's* Wife? However she enjoys her self well enough while her Husband *lives*, which is some *satisfaction*. But the *Heroine* of our *Tragedy* cannot expect one easy moment with her Knight in his *Life-time*, and when *dead*, the *Infection* he bequeaths to her, will haunt her worse than a *Ghost*. *Pe.* 'Tis even so. Your *Pirates* that surprize *Women* by stealth, and *Soldiers* that take them as *Plunder* in War, never treat them half so cruelly as this poor Girl has been treated by her *Parents*, and yet the *Magistrate* never calls them to an account for it. *Ga.* How should a *Physician* cure a *Mad-man*, if he himself has a spice of the same *Distemper*? *Pe.* But 'tis the greatest wonder in the world to me, that

Princes

Princes who are so nearly and visibly interested in the *Welfare* of their People, should make no *wholesome* Laws for their *Health*, which is the greatest *Blessing* they can enjoy on this side Heaven. The *Disease* we have been discoursing of all this while, has travelled as it were with a *Pass* through the *better* part of the Globe, and yet these worthy *Vicegerents* of Heaven sleep as *beardlessly* in their *Thrones*, as if it were not worth their while to take notice of it. Ga. Hark ye, Friend Peter, have a care what you say of *Princes*: When you talk upon so nice a Subject, keep your *Tongue* in a sheath, or it may cut your *Throat*. Lend me your ear, to whisper a word or two to you—Pe. I am *heartily* sorry for't, but I am afraid 'twill be so as you say to the end of the Chapter. Ga. But to pursue our point. How many Ills do you think are occasioned by *naughty* Wines of the *Vintner's* dashing and brewing? Pe. Why? If you'll take the Doctor's word for't, one *half* of the *Diseases* that carry off so many thousands every week. Ga. And do the *Magistrates* take no notice of this neither? Pe. Poor Men! they are *wholly* taken up in gathering the *King's* Customs and Excise. There they are as *watchful* as Dragons, but mind *nothing* else. Ga. If a Woman knows a Man is *infected*, and for all that will *marry* him, she must take what he is pleased to give her for her *pains*, but can *blame* no body else. Although if it were my fortune to sit at the *helm*, I should take care to *banish* them both from *civil* Society. But if it was a Woman's *hard* fate to *marry* a Fellow that pretended to be well and *healthful*, but was over-run with this *Disease*, were I Judge of the *Prerogative-Court*, I should make no scruple, to *dissolve* the Knot,

Knot, tho' they had been solemnly married in all the Churches in London. *Pe.* By what pretence I wonder? For when Marriage is once legally contracted, no human Power you know can *dissolve* it. *Ga.* And do you call that a legal Marriage which is built upon such *horrid* Villainy and Treachery? The *Civilians* will tell you that a *Contract* is not valid, when a *Slave* palms himself upon a young Girl for a *Freeman*, and under that sham marries her. Now the abovemention'd *Knight*, to whom our poor *Lady* is sacrific'd, is a *Slave*, a most abandon'd *Slave* to that imperious *Distemper* the *Pox*; and his *Slavery* is so much the more *insupportable*, in respect he must wear her *Livery* all the days of his Life, without any prospect of a *Redemption*. *Pe.* I protest you have stagger'd me. There is some colour in what you say, but proceed. *Ga.* In the next place, Marriage can only be celebrated between two Persons that are *living*; but in this case the Woman marries one, who in the *literal* Sense of *Love* is perfectly *dead*. *Pe.* Ha! you have Arguments at will I see; however I suppose you wou'd give your leave that the *Diseased* should marry the *Diseased*, according to the righteous Proverb of *Covent-Garden*, *Clap that Clap can*. *Ga.* Why, truly if I were Judge of the *Court*, or some such great Person, perhaps for the *publick* benefit I might suffer them to marry; but so soon as the *Ceremony* was over, I wou'd take care to put out one Fire with another, and that a *Faggot* shou'd finish what the other *Disease* had begun. *Pe.* Ay, but this wou'd be to act like a *Tyrant*, and not like a *Prince*. *Ga.* Why wou'd you call that Physician a *Tyrant*, that lops off a Finger or two, or it may be burns part of the Body, to save the *whole*? For my

part I don't think it Cruelty, but the highest Act of Pity that can be exerted, and it were to be wished that this Course had been taken when this Distemper first appeared in the World, for then the publick Welfare of Mankind had been consulted at the Expence of a few Sufferers. Nay, the French History presents us with an Instance of this Nature. *Pe.* But after all it wou'd be the gentler way to geld, or part them asunder. *Ga.* And what wou'd you have done to the Women, pray? *Pe.* You know Italy affords a certain Invention, call'd a Padlock. *Ga.* That is something indeed, for by this means we shou'd be sure to have no Branches from so blessed a Stock; come, I will own your Method to be the gentler of the two, provided you'll in Compliment own that mine is the safer. Even those that are castrated have an itching desire upon them, neither is this Infection propagated by one way only, but a thousand; a bare kiss or touch may do it, nay, it may be got by discoursing or drinking with the Party infected. Besides, we find that an unaccountable Spirit of doing Mischief is peculiar to this Disease; for those that have it take a delight to propagate the Contagion, tho' it does them no good. Now, if you talk of parting them asunder, they may scamper to other Places, and play the Devil where they are not known; but I hope you'll grant me there can be no danger from the Dead. *Pe.* 'Tis certain yours is the safer way of proceeding; but still I much question whether it can be reconciled to that Gentleness prescrib'd us by the Gospel. *Ga.* Pray tell me then whether there's more danger from common Thieves, or such People we have been talking of. *Pe.* I much needs confess that Money is not to be put in the same

same Balance with *Health*. *Ge.* And yet we *Christians*, forsooth truss up a score of *House-breakers* and *Felons* every *Sessions*; neither does the World as censorious as it is, call this *Cruelty*, but *Justice* and *Mercy* to the Nation in general. *Pe.* Well, but in that case the Party that did the *Injury*, is fairly *hanged* out of the way. *Ge.* And are the others then such *mighty* Benefactors to the *Publick*? Let us for once suppose that some may get this Distemper by no *Fault* of their own, tho' under Favour I believe that not one in ten thousand, but *purchased* it at the Price of his own *Wickedness*; yet the *Lawyers* will tell you that 'tis lawful to dispatch the *Innocent*, if the common Safety of the *Republick* requires it. For this Reason the *Grecians* after the Destruction of *Troy* put *Astyanax*, *Hector's* Son to the Sword, lest he might live to *begin* the War *afresh*. Nay, some *Casuits* will not stick to tell you, that after you have cut a *Tyrant's* Throat, 'tis no Sin to kill his innocent *Children*. To carry on this point yet farther, we fine People, that call our selves *Christians*, are perpetually at *War* with one another, tho' we know before-hand that the *greatest* share of the *Calamities*, occasion'd by *War*, must light upon those *poor* Men that least *deserve* them. The same thing happens in your *Reprisals*, or *Letters of Mart*, as they call them. The Party that did the *Wrong* is as *safe* as a Knave in the *Admiralty*, or *Excise-Office*; but the poor *Merchant*, who is so far from being *Criminal*, that perhaps he never *heard* a Syllable of the Matter in his Life, is fairly *plunder'd* and *stripp'd* of all. Now if we have recourse to such *bitter* Remedies in things, that are not of the *last* Consequence, I desire to be inform'd what course ought to be taken in an *Affair* which so *highly* concerns us? *Pe.* Nay, I must

knock under the Table. Your Arguments are too mighty for me to cope with. *Gal.* Take this with you too. So soon as the *Plague* breaks out in *Italy*, great care is taken to shut up the Infected House, and the *Nurses* that look after the Sick, are forbidden to appear abroad. Some *Sots* call this barbarous Usage; whereas 'tis the greatest Humanity that can be shewn; for by this prudent Care the *Pestilence* sweeps off some half a dozen Folks, and then you hear no more of it; now, can any thing shew more Humanity, than to save the Lives of many thousands at so cheap a rate. Others will rail at the *Italians* as a brutal inhospitable People, because when there's but a bare Report of a *Plague*, they won't suffer a *Stranger* to come within their *Cities* in the Evening, but force him to lye all Night in the open Fields. Now, for my part I look upon it to be an Act of Piety, to procure a publick Advantage at so easy a Price, as the incommoding of a few Persons. Some *Coxcombs* in the World take themselves to be very stout and complaisant, because they dare make a *Visit* to a Man who is sick of the *Plague*, tho' they have no manner of *Business* with him; so when they come home, they very fairly give the *Infection* to their Wives and Children, and, in short, to the whole Family. Nothing can be more stupid than this Fool-hardiness, more unreasonable than this Complaisance? To bring the dearest Persons one has in the World in danger of their Lives merely for the sake of a foolish Compliment or so; yet, after all, there's less to be apprehended from the *Plague* than from the *Neapolitan* Disease: The former seldom meddles with the Old, and sometimes passes by its next Neighbours; at least, this may be said for it, that it either quickly dispatches a Man out of his Pain, or re-

stores him to his *Health* much *farther* than he was before; whereas the *latter* is nothing but a perpetual *Death*, or, to speak more properly, a perpetual *Burying*. They are cover'd from Head to Foot with *Plaisters* and *Calaplasms*, with *Salves* and *Unguents*, and a thousand other *Medicaments* too nauseous to be mention'd out of an *Hospital*. *Pe.* What you say is so true, that with reverence to our *Betters* be it spoken, the same Care at least ought to be taken to prevent so fatal an Evil, as they take to prevent the spreading of the *Leprosy*; or if this should be thought too much, no Man ought to let another shave him, but to be his own *Tonsor*, and to trim himself by his own *Looking-glass*. *Ga.* But what will you say now if both *Tonsor* and *Gentlemen* agree to shut their Mouths? *Pe.* 'Tis to no purpose; the *Infection* may come out at their *Nostrils*. *Ga.* Well, but there's a *Remedy* to be had for that inconvenience. *Pe.* I long to be informed. *Ga.* They may borrow a Device from your *Alchymists*, and wear a *Mask* which shall afford them *Light* thro' two little *Glass-windows* for the *Eyes*, and a breathing place for their *Mouth* and *Nostrils*, through a *Horn* which reaches from their *Jaw-bones* down to their *Back*. *Pe.* Why that contrivance wou'd do, as you say, if there was no danger in the touch of their *Fingers*, *Linen*, *Comb*, and *Scissars*. *Ga.* I find then the best way will be to let ones *Beard* grow down to his knees. *Pe.* That's my opinion, and then let us have an *Act* of *Parliament* that the same Man shall not be *Barber* and *Chirurgion* too. *Ga.* But that will be the ready way to starve the *Barbers*. *Pe.* No matter let them drink less *Wine*, and lessen their *Family-Charges*, or ellie (for I have Compassion for the poor Dogs) ask more for shaving. *Ga.* So

be it with all my heart. *Pe.* Then let a Law be enacted, that every Man be obliged to *drink* out of his own *Glass*. *Ga.* That Law I dare swear will never go down in *Old England*. *Pe.* In the next place, let there be a Penalty impos'd for Two to *lye* in the same *Bed*, except they are Man and Wife. *Ga.* Agreed. *Pe.* Then as for your *Inns*, let no Stranger *sleep* in the same *Sheers* that any one has *lain* in before. *Ga.* What will you do the with *Wales* and *Cumberland*, and that most *delicious* Country beyond the *Tweed*, where they wash their *Linen* but twice a-year? *Pe.* Let them employ more *Layndresses*. And then let the Custom of saluting one another with a *Kiss* be totally abolished, its *Antiquity* and *Universality*, and all other pretences notwithstanding. *Ga.* How shall a Man behave himself in *private* Conversation? *Pe.* Let him have a *care* of coming too *near* the Person he talks to, and let him that listens shut his Lips. *Ga.* Why? you undo all the *Coffee-houses* and *Chocolate-houses* at one clap; besides, a *Cart-load* of Parchment wou'd not be sufficient to contain all these *Punctilio's*. *Pe.* But all this while you forget the *poor Creature* that occasion'd this Discourse. What *Advice* wou'd you give her now? *Ga.* To think of her *Misfortune* as little as she can, and make the *best* of a *bad Market*; to clap her hand before her *Mouth* whenever her Husband offers to *kiss* her; and lastly, when she goes to *Bed* to him, to put on a *Head-piece*, and a compleat Suit of *Armour*. *Pe.* And whither do you intend to steer your Course when you leave me? *Ga.* Strait to my *Closet*. *Pe.* What *mightry* Work is carrying on there, I beseech ye? *Ga.* They spoke to me to write an *Epitaphium*, but I design to disappoint them, and write an *Epitaph* upon this occasion.

The Golden Afs : Or, The Wealthy Milër.

COL. V.

A pleasant Description of a rich Usurer's way of Living, who from a sordid Condition arrived to a prodigious Wealth. That such Estates generally come to a prodigal Son, who squanders away all that Money in Whoring and Drinking, which his penurious Father scrap'd together by Injustice and Oppression.

JAMES, GILBERT.

Ja. **M**ercy on us! what an *alteration* is here? Why where hast thou been, old Friend of mine, all this while, that thou art *return'd* so meager and Chap-fallen, as if thou had'st found out the *Mystery* of living like *Grashoppers* upon dew? There are twenty *Skeletons* yonder at *Chirurgion's Hall* that look *Fifty per Cent.* better than thou dost. Thy *Rump-bone* has grated its way through thy Breeches, and, as the Fellow in *Bartholomew-Fair* said, looks like the *Ace of Spades*. I dare engage, that were a Man to shake thee, thy Bones wou'd rattle in that wither'd Hide like *three blew Beans in a blew Bladder*. *Gi.* Those worthy Gentlemen the *Poets* tell us, that in the Regions below the

Ghosts are glad to feed upon *Leeks* and *Mallows*, but I have been ten Months in a confounded Place, where even these *Dainties* were not to be had. *Ja*. In what part of the World, I wonder? Perhaps thou hast been *starv'd* and *bastinado'd* into this fine Shape at *Algiers*, or got it by tugging and sweaving in a *Gally*. *Gi*. No, you are mistaken. I have been all this while in his most *Christian* Majesty's most *Pagan* Territories; and if you'll have me particular to the Place, at *Bourdeaux*. *Ja*. But how I wonder came it about, that you ran the risk of *starving* in a City so rich, and *provided* with every thing? *Gi*. 'Tis even so as I tell you. *Ja*. Prethee what might be the occasion of it? Was the *Ready* all gone, and your Pockets quite *founder'd*? *Mi*. No I faith I can't pretend that I wanted either *Money* or *Friends*. *Ja*. For my part I am not able to *unriddle* this *Mystery*, but explain it if you please. *Ga*. You must know that some *Business* in the way of *Trade* led me to this City, since the Conclusion of the late *Peace*, and I both lodg'd and dieted with a famous Merchant *Monsieur le Maigre*. *Ja*. That rich old Fellow that has *purchased* so many *Lordships*, and had the *fleeing* of so many young *Spendthrifts* in his time? *Gi*. The same; but the most penurious, sordid *Hunks* that ever *cheated* the *Gallows*. *Ja*. 'Tis a *Prodigy* to me, that Men of *Bulk* and *Substance*, who are above the Apprehensions of *Poverty*, should deny themselves the *Pleasures*, but much more the *Conveniences* of Life. *Gi*. I don't wonder at it; for 'tis by this sordid way of Living, that from *little* or *nothing* to begin the World with, they *scrape* so much *Wealth* together. *Ja*. But why then should you choose to pass so many Months with him of all the Men in the World, when you knew his

Character before-hand? *Gi.* There was an *Account* of a long standing to be made up between us; and besides I had a great *Fancy*, how it came into my Head I don't know, to see the *Management* of his Family. *Ja.* Pray communicate your *Observations* to a Friend then, for you have set my Curiosity on *Tip-toe* to know how it *fared* with you. *Gi.* With all my Heart, for 'tis no little *Pleasure* to run over the *Hardships* one has sustained. *Ja.* I am confident the *Relation* will be very diverting to me. *Gi.* To crown my *Miseries*, Providence so order'd it, that the *Wind* sat full *North* for three whole Months; only this I must tell you, tho' I am not *Philosopher* enough to assign the *Reason* for't, that it never *beld* in that Quarter above *eight* Days together. *Ja.* Why then did you tell me it *kept* there *three* whole Months? *Gi.* Upon the *eighth* Day, as if by Agreement, it shifted its *Station*, where it *contin'd* for some seven or eight Hours, and then *veer'd* to the old Point again. *Ja.* So slender, and I was going to say so transparent, a Body as yours wanted a good lusty *Fire* to keep it from starving. *Gi.* A plague on't, there was no want of Fire, if we had had but *Wood* enough; but our most *worthy* Landlord, old *Scrape-all*, to save all the Expences possible in *Firing*, order'd his *Servants* to steal old *Roots* and *Stumps* of Trees, which none else thought worth the while to grub up but *himself*, and had them brought home *privately* in the Night. Of these *precious* Stumps, not a quarter dried enough, our Fire was made; which, to do it Justice, *sinoaked* plentifully, but never *flamed* out: So that tho' it did not *warm* us, we could not say there was no *Fire*, and that was all our *Landlord* aim'd at. One of these Fires would last us a whole

whole Day, so *obstinately* did these *perverse* knot-ty Logs hold it out. *Ja.* Why this was a *curst* Place for a Man to pass his *Winter* in. *Gi.* 'Twas so, and yet 'twas a thousand times *worse* to stay a *Summer* there. *Ja.* How could that be, I wonder? *Gi.* Because the House was so damnably *plagiu'd* with Fleas, and Bugs, and Gnats, that there was no *resting* for them in the Day-time, nor no *sleeping* in the Night. *Ja.* What a wretched Wealth was here? *Gi.* Few Men, I must own, were *wealthier* than our Master in this sort of Cattle. *Ja.* Surely you had no *Women* in the Family, or else they were heathenish, lazy *Sluts*. *Gi.* The *Females* were mew'd up in an *Apartment* by themselves, and seldom came among the *Men*; so they did none of those *Ser-vices* which properly belong to that *Sex* in other Families. *Ja.* But how could the *Master* of the House *endure* all this Filth and Nastiness? *Gi.* Pshaw! he was *us'd* to it from his Cradle, and *mind'd* nothing in the World but scraping of *Riches*. He lov'd to be any where but at *home*, and traded in every thing you can think of; for *Bourdeaux* you know is a Town of great *Com-merce* and *Business*. The famous *Painter*, whose Name is now out of my Head, thought the Day *lost* wherein he did not employ his *Pencil*; and our *Landlord* look'd upon himself as *undone*, if one single Day pass'd over his Head without some *Profit* or *Advantage*; and if such a *Disaster* happen'd to him, he did not fail to *make* it out one way or other at *home*. *Ja.* Why, what was his *Method*? *Gi.* He had a *Cistern* of *Water* in his Court-yard, as most of the People of that *City* have, out of which he *drew* so many Buckets of cold *Adam*, and flung them into his *Hogsheads*; this was a most *certain* Profit to him. *Ja.* I sup-
pose

pose the Wine was somewhat of the *strongest* then, and wanted this *Humiliation*. *Gi.* Far from that, it was as *dead* as a Door-nail, for he never bought any Wine but what was *decay'd* to his Hand, to have it at an *easier* Rate; and that he might not lose a drop of this *Gut-gripping* Stuff, he would jumble and tumble ye the *Grounds* of at least ten *Tears* standing, and set them a *fermenting* together, that it might pass for *New Wine* upon the *Lee*; for, as I told you before, he would not have lost the least *pint-full* of *Grounds* to save his Grand-father's Soul. *Ja.* If the *Doctor's* Word may be taken, this sort of Wine never fails to *reward* a Man with the *Stone* at long run. *Gi.* They are certainly in the *right* on't; and in the most *beautifful* Years *two* or *three* at least of the *Family* had their *Heels* *tript* up with this *Distemper*. But what was this to *Monsieur le Maigre*? He never *troubled* his Head about the *Business*, nor car'd a Farthing how many *Burials* went out of his House, not he I promise you. *Ja.* 'Tis strange, but what was the Reason? *Gi.* He made a Penny even of the *Dead*, and the *Grave* paid a *Tribute* to him. There was no Gain so *contemptible* and *base* but what he would *catch* at as greedily as a *Gudgeon* at a *Fly*. *Ja.* Under favour this was down-right *Theft* though. *Gi.* Your *Mercbants* call it turning an *honest Penny*, or christen it by the Name of good *Husbandry*. *Ja.* Well, but what sort of *Liquor* did the old *Huncks* drink all this while? *Gi.* The very same *Nectar* almost that I told you of. *Ja.* And did he find no *Harm*, no *Inconvenience* by it? *Gi.* You know the old *Proverb*, *No Carrion will kill a Crow*. Besides, he had a *Body* as hard as a *Flint*, and could have made a *bearty* Meal upon *Hay*, or chopt *Straw*.

Straw. Had he been in *Nebuchadnezzar's* Case, it had been no *Punishment* to have sent him to *Grass*. The *Prodigal Son* in the *Gospel*, when he *rob'd* the poor *Swine*, and fed upon *Husks*, was a perfect *Epicure* to him. He had accus-
tom'd himself to this *delicious* Fare from his *Infancy*. But to return to our Subject: He look'd upon this *Dashing* and *Brewing* of his *Wine* to be a most *certain* Profit to him. *Fa*. How so, I beseech you? *Gi*. You'll soon find it out by the Help of a very little *Arithmetick*. If you *reckon* his *Wife*, his *Sons*, his *Daughter*, his *Son-in-Law*, his *Men-servants* and his *Maid-servants*, he had about *thirty three* Months to provide for in the Family. Now the more he *corrected* his *Wine* with *Water*, the *less* of it was drunk, and the *longer* it was a drawing off. So then if you compute a *large* Bucket of *Water* thrown in every *Day* of the *Week*, it will amount to no *despicable* Sum, let me tell you, at the *Year's* End. *Fa*. Oh! *sordid* Rascal! I never heard of such a *Monster* before. *Gi*. This was not *all*, he made the same *Advantage* by his *Bread*. *Fa*. More *mysterious* still; and how could that be? *Gi*. He would never buy you any *Wheat* but what was *musty*, and such as the *meanest* Porter in the *City* would *scorn* to buy for his own *eating*. Now in the first place here was a present *gain*, because he bought it so much *cheaper*; and then he had a *never-failing* Trick to *cure* the *Mustiness*. *Fa*. I long to hear what it was. *Gi*. There is a sort of *Chalk*, if you have observ'd it, not altogether unlike to *Corn*, which you may see *Horses* are *delighted* with, when they *gnaw* it out of the *Walls*, and *drink* more *freely* than usual of that *Pond water*, where this *Chalk* is to be found. He mixed one *third* part
at